

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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A CHAPTER ON WORDS.

DOES some one exclaim, "A chapter on words! What a strange subject to choose for a chapter! Don't we know all that we can know about a word, when we can spell it, and give its meaning, and use it in its proper place in speaking and writing?"

If this is all you know about words, you still have to learn that which is most interesting about them. A little boy, toiling from morning to night in some dirty back lane of a large city, selling butter and cheese to fill hungry mouths, may, while applying these things to their proper use, have no idea of the grassy hills and the daisy-dotted meadows, the lowing cows, the merry milkmaids, and the cool, sweet-smelling dairy, all of which have played their part in producing the useful, nay, almost indispensable articles, which occupy so much of his time and attention. How he would enjoy a day in the country, so that he might know whence they came, and how many and how varied had been the means used in their production!

Let us, then, take a little journey to the fields whence came our words; and we shall find them full of picturesque scenery; and many a charming little bud of thought will be seen springing by the wayside, and only waiting for our inquiring touch to yield its interesting story.

Here is a little flower, which perhaps we have never admired because we have not examined it; and we have not examined because it is so common. The "daisy." Is there no poetry in that name? Examine it with me. Here is this bright yellow centre, from which start out these long white petals. A miniature picture of the bright yellow sun, sending his rays of white light in all directions. The name we give to it tells us that, in days long

gone by, some one has observed the resemblance, and with a truly poetic mind has named the flower; for, as the sun has been to him the "eye of day," so has he called this little floral image by the same name, the "eye of day," the "day's eye," or the daisy. And quaint old Chaucer tells us that it used to be called the "eye of day," for he says, —

"That well by reason it men callen may
The daisie, or else the eye of day."

When we think of heaven, we think of it as some place above, because the word is from the verb "to heave," and means "heaved up," and the name was given by those who believed that heaven was beyond the blue sky which was "heaved up" above their heads; and that word "hell," which is so much misunderstood, simply means "covered over," referring thus to the place of the departed, in some cases meaning the grave. From the same root (the Anglo-Saxon word *helan*, to cover) comes the word "heling," used in many parts of England by uneducated people for the binding of a book; signifying also a roof, and a "helier" is a roofer. The *earth* means that which is *eared* or ploughed. The old English name for a burying-place was "God's-acre," and the Germans call it so still; and thus the mortal remains of God's children were at last laid in God's-acre, whilst the spirit returned to God who gave it. Well might the spot thus named be considered holy ground.

The name God, which we apply to our Heavenly Father, is the Anglo-Saxon word for *good*; and thus we learn that our ancient forefathers, amid all their ignorance and superstition, still thought of him as "the Good;" and we have preserved the name, for we cannot have a better, or one that more fitly expresses our ideas of him,

though we are the inheritors of nineteen centuries of Christian teaching.

Having seen something of the *poetry* which is in words, let us turn for a few moments to the *history* which they contain. Did you ever think why it is that the ox when killed and prepared for eating, is called *beef*; the sheep, *mutton*; the calf, *veal*; the hog, *pork*; the deer, *venison*? In these cases, the living animal has a Saxon name, the flesh a Norman one. Does not that remind us of the days when the Normans, having conquered, subsequently oppressed, the Saxons in England, and the latter became the slaves who had to till the ground, feed the cattle, and do all the drudgery? so the animals, whilst in his charge, were called by the names which he understood; but, killed and dressed for the tables of his Norman oppressors, received the names which their language supplied. Thus, words that have to do with chivalry and luxury are Norman, whilst those which represent labor are Saxon. *Prince, duke, count*, are Norman; *boor, hind, churl, man, woman, father, mother*, are Saxon; *palace and castle* are Norman, but the dear words *house, home, hearth*, are Saxon. The *table* is Norman; the *board*, Saxon. The *lance* and the *casque* are Norman; the *plough* and the *flail*, Saxon.

It would be easy to continue illustrations quite as interesting as the above, especially if we sought the derivations in the Latin and Greek, whence we have received so many of our words. Enough, however, has been said to show how rich a mine of information and pleasure is open to those who choose to explore it, in the little words which we use every day. W. N. EVANS.

Montreal, February, 1876.

THE richer the cobbler, the blacker his thumb.

MY PETS.

I ONCE knew a little girl who was never so happy as when surrounded by animals. When small, she would go to her father's barn, and fill her apron with as many as it would hold. As she grew older, she learned to ride like the wind. Early caught into the heavens, I cannot think of her as inert and still, but that her heavenly Father took her from earthly duties to run on heavenly errands.

Animals, as well as children, know at once who is their friend. Animals, like children, cannot bear to be laughed at. They know our Edward is their friend, and that there is no danger of his laughing at them. See how gently he looks at, how tenderly he holds, the puppy; whilst the big dog sticks out her tongue with satisfaction. You may be sure Edward had a hand in lining that comfortable basket with straw, and that he brought the bone well covered with meat for Bow-wow's dinner.

The duck is not afraid of him, or the pert chicken, their mouths open for any thing they can find. Even the lop-eared rabbits would be willing to have the bars down, and so be nearer their kind little friend, who is as welcome in the barn as in the house.

For The Dayspring.

EASTER SEPULCHRES.

IN some of the ancient churches of England, and also in other sacred edifices in Europe, may yet be seen in the chancel, near the altar, a low arched recess, resembling in design the canopy of a tomb, and intended to represent the Holy Sepulchre, wherein the Saviour was laid.

On the front were often carved images of the Roman guard, as at Glastonbury

Cathedral, where one soldier is represented as seated on a bank, and another, reclining, is asleep; both, however, with the military costume of the fifteenth century. The ground is painted green, and is powdered with little white flowers with red eyes.

The Easter, or Holy Sepulchre, at Heckington, has two rows of carvings over the opening; one, representing Christ rising from the tomb, and at his feet two angels looking up and worshipping him. At the right is Mary Magdalen, bringing precious spices to embalm the body; at the left is another female, with an angel.

The other carving represents four soldiers, being the Roman guard, or "keepers who did shake and become as dead men."

It being an ancient belief that the *second advent* of Christ would take place on *Easter Eve*, it became the custom in many churches, annually, on the evening of Good Friday, to place the crucifix and pyx within the Holy Sepulchre, built for this special ceremony, and before which great wax tapers were burning. Often an effigy of the dead Saviour,

"... With pompe and sacred song they beare unto his grave,

His bodie all being wrapt in lawne, and silks, and sarcenet brave.

With tapers, all the people came, and at the barriers stay,

There downe upon their knees they fall, and night and day they pray;

And violets and every kinde of flowers above the grave

They strow, and bring in all their giftes and presents that they have."

The Holy or Easter Sepulchre was then watched from the evening of Good Friday until the dawn of Easter Sunday, when, with devout ceremonies, the crucifix, pyx, and effigy were removed, and the sacred edifice re-echoed with the joyous declaration,

"THE LORD HAS RISEN!"

Some Easter sepulchres were portable shrines, two of which, made of wood and pearl shell, are now in the British Museum.

MAUD RIBBERFORD.

JUDGE NOT.

FROM THE GULISTAN OF SAADI.

IN my youth, as I remember, I was scrupulous and careful;

Every sacred rite performing; fasting, watching, anxious, prayerful.

So one night, the whilst my father (Allah bless him!) watch was keeping;

On the floor and on the divans, travellers around were sleeping, —

I nor closed my eyes nor nodded, but beside the glimmering taper

Held the precious Koran open, fixed my eyes upon the paper.

Still they slept; till, over-zealous, thus I uttered my objections:

"See, my father, no one rises to perform his genuflections, —

Not a man goes through his ritual, — not a man his prayer has said;

Prone upon the floor extended, you might think they all were dead."

"Emanation of your father," said the good man, "cease your railings;

Better sleep yourself, than waken, to calumniate human failings."

J. F. C.

For The Dayspring.

MARIE'S GOLD PIECES.

MANY years ago there lived in the beautiful city of Paris a little French girl named Marie Gérard. Her parents were wealthy, and Marie had but one wish ungratified. She was an only child, and she longed for a little sister to share her pleasant home. One Christmas morning the blessing came, and Marie's heart was overflowing with happiness. Now she had some one to pet and take care of, and by-and-by they would play together! Oh! what rejoicing! It

was the most delightful Christmas she had ever known.

One day she was standing by the baby's crib in the sunny nursery. It was a wonderful crib, covered with muslin and lace, and the delicate curtains were fastened with pink satin ribbon. But Marie was not admiring its beauty, she was thinking of something quite different. Suddenly she turned to her mother and whispered, "Dear mamma, how I wish I knew of something I could give the good God for sending me this dear little sister. I should like to show him how grateful I am."

"You can tell him so, my little daughter," said her mother; "and you can prove your gratitude by being a good and obedient child, and by trying to serve any of his children who are poor and suffering."

"Will that please him, mamma," exclaimed Marie: "then I will give my gold pieces to the little rag-pickers in the street."

"No, dear," said her mother, with a smile: "I can tell you of a better and a wiser plan, if you really wish to give your gold pieces in charity. To-morrow is a holiday, and you shall go with me to a place where I know it will give you great pleasure to expend your money."

The next morning Mrs. Gérard took Marie in the carriage to a distant part of the city, where stood a large building with the word "Crèche" on a sign over the door. This was a home for infants whose mothers were poor. Each morning the good women brought their babies, and left them there while they went off to their work: at noon they came to nurse them, and at night called to take them to their own humble lodgings. In this way, the little children were well cared for, in a comfortable place away from danger.

Crèche means "manger," and the house

was thus named in memory of the place where the infant Saviour first lay.

Marie and her mother went up a long flight of stairs, and entered a room where twenty or thirty little ones, about a year old, were playing on a soft matting spread in the centre of the floor. Around the matting was built a low fence, about a foot high. Marie was much amazed at the sight of so many children, all dressed alike in cheap, clean calico frocks. Her mother explained to her that some kind persons had built the house, and still subscribed a certain sum to help support it; but this was not enough, and the mothers of the babies each paid a small sum also. Marie was grieved to see that the children had no toys, and whispered to her mother that she should like to spend her gold pieces in purchasing dolls and other playthings. But the good Sister of Charity who took care of this room said they were afraid to give toys, lest the little ones should put them in each others' eyes, or do harm, beside tempting them to quarrel. As it was, they rolled about on the floor and played together like little kittens.

On leaving this room, they entered another, lofty and full of sunshine, which was surrounded by cradles, in each of which a baby was sleeping. They had been carefully washed and dressed, and were taking their first nap.

Marie was delighted with the pretty sight, and took a peep into each quiet nest. "Now, Marie," said her mother, "here is a chance for you to spend your gold pieces: you can buy a new cradle, and provide for some other poor baby." Marie was enchanted with the plan, and the Sister of Charity promised to make the purchase for her. Marie wished to fit up the cradle herself, and her mother said she would teach her to hem the sheets and bind the soft blankets.

The following week they drove again to the Crèche. The new cradle was in its place, and written on the wall above it were these words, "The gift of a little girl, Marie Gérard." Each cradle had the name of the giver above it.

Very soon a poor woman arrived, who had been promised the first vacant place. She brought with her a beautiful infant, her little François. She poured out her thanks to Marie for providing this nice nest for the little one, where he would be safe and happy in her absence. Marie was more than repaid for all she had done, when François smiled as she caressed him and caught one of her pretty curls in his chubby hand. Every holiday she paid him a visit, and he learned to know her step on the stairs. All called him "Marie's Pet." One day she brought him a present, a tiny gold piece attached to a ribbon, which she fastened around his neck. His mother said he should never spend it, but wear it as a charm to remind him when he grew up of his kind benefactress.

One Christmas day, Marie's grandfather told her he would give her a present, either for herself or one for her to give the children at the Crèche. Her kind little heart was bound up in her pretty François, and she told him she would prefer to receive one which would give pleasure at the babies' home. Her grandfather placed in her hand a mysterious package, telling her she must not open it until she reached the Crèche. She was full of bright expectation, and could hardly restrain her impatience until her mother was ready to go with her. The box was very heavy, and she could not imagine what it contained. As they opened the door of the infant's room, François sparkling black eyes danced with delight; for he had learned to love his little mistress very dearly. Mrs. Gérard then opened the

package, and they found a fine musical box which could play six lively tunes. Oh! how the babies opened their eyes, and how the chubby children on the floor rolled around as they listened to the merry sounds! Another friend had sent a gift cage with a bright yellow canary; and, as soon as the box began to play, the bird began to sing, and the children to laugh. Little Marie felt so happy, the tears came into her blue eyes, she could not tell why.

Years passed away, and little François had become a great boy twelve years old. His father and mother were both dead; but his kind friends, the Gérards, had never forgotten him. They had placed him at good schools, and had found him a pleasant home with a poor woman who was glad of the company of the fine manly boy; and now he was almost ready to begin to support himself. But, alas! his country was plunged in a dreadful war! Young as he was, François longed to do something to protect his dear land from the ravages of the enemy.

One day the news spread that a band of rioters was proceeding to attack the palace, which was not far from the home of his beloved "little lady," as François had always called Marie Gérard. There was no time to be lost; and he snatched his cap, determined, if possible, to warn these good friends of their dangerous situation.

Running through back streets, he arrived almost breathless at their door: the sound of the gathering crowd was heard in the distance. Mr. Gérard was absent, being an officer in the army; and François felt himself a sort of protector to the rest of the family. He found the mother and daughters trembling with alarm. He urged them to follow him at once to a carriage, which he had secured in a side street, and begged them to hasten to his humble home

in a distant part of the city, promising to follow at once.

When they had arrived at a place of safety, they waited impatiently for his return. But hour after hour passed, and he came not. They feared he had been tempted to follow the crowd, which was surging towards the palace. Towards night they heard the tread of many footsteps, and their hearts stood still with fear.

But it was no unfriendly crowd, only some kind, poor men, who were bearing little François in their arms. Yes, the brave little soul had received a stray shot just after he had parted with his friends, and had only been recognized by a neighbor when the day's sad work was done. He bore his pain like a hero, for he rejoiced that he had done good service to those he loved.

Marie stood by him in bitter sorrow. "Dear heart," she said, "you risked your life to save ours. Oh! try to live now for our sakes." But the wound was mortal, and little François was dying. "Don't weep, little lady," he said, "it is not hard for me to die. I go to my good mother who was so grateful to you; and we will pray for you until you come."

With his trembling hand, he felt for the ribbon which he had always worn beneath his coat, and drew out the gold piece which she had given him as a baby.

"Take it, lady," said he, "it has helped to keep me true-hearted; and, when you see it, you will remember how happy you made the little François."

And he closed his sweet eyes. The angels had taken him home to his mother in heaven.

HELEN COUDARE.

THE foolish do first, think afterwards, and repent for ever.

CHANTICLEER.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

I WAKE; I feel the day is near;
I hear the red cock crowing.
He cries, "'Tis dawn!" How sweet and clear
His cheerful call comes to my ear,
While light is slowly growing!

The white snow gathers, flake on flake;
I hear the red cock crowing.
Is anybody else awake
To see the winter morning break,
While thick and fast 'tis snowing?

I think the world is all asleep;
I hear the red cock crowing.
Out of the frosty pane I peep;
The drifts are piled so wide and deep,
And wild the wind is blowing.

Nothing I see has shape or form;
I hear the red cock crowing.
But that dear voice comes through the storm
To greet me in my nest so warm,
As if the sky were glowing.

A happy little child, I lie
And hear the red cock crowing.
The day is dark. I wonder why
His voice rings out so brave and high,
With gladness overflowing.

St. Nicholas.

SHORT SENTENCES FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

So live with men, as if God saw you :
So speak to God, as if men heard you.
Exalt wisdom, and she will exalt thee.
Pen and ink are wit's plough.
Never carry two faces under one hood.
He is rich who owes nothing.
He who hath good health is young.
Force without forecast is little worth.
He that licks honey from thorns pays too dear for it.

The hog never looks up to him that threshes down the acorns.

Early Days.

For The Dayspring.

EVE'S LEGEND.

NINA says she loves to sit at the window and watch the poultry, because their ways seem almost human. Did she ever hear the "Legend of the Crow of the Cock" and the "Cry of the Guinea Hen"? Here it is.

Sweet Mother Eve, beside her big boys, Cain and Abel, had a dear little boy, named Ashbel. He was very beautiful to behold, borrowing his charms from what was fairest in nature, — the blue of the sky for his eyes, the sheen of the sunlight for his hair, the rose tint of the coral shell for his dainty palms, and the virgin snow for his pearly skin. No wonder his mother was proud of him, bathing him in the sparkling stream, and curling the bright waves of his hair round her taper finger, whence they dropped in myriads of lustrous rings.

One day, after bathing him, gazing at him, and kissing him, as if he were fed on kisses, Eve bade him take his playmate, the cub of a lioness, and in the deep primeval woods gather a nosegay to please his doting father.

The hours passed, noon slid into evening, evening into night, but Ashbel returned not. Frantically his parents searched through the bowers of their home, over rivers and mountains, even into the land of Nod.

Deep in tangled copse and dingle searched Adam for his darling, while anguished Eve waited, waited, waited. The stars in their silent courses heard her cry, "My boy! my boy!" and the moon stayed her chariot to listen, and the trees hushed their whispering leaves as she passed to and fro, bewailing her lost treasure.

One night, despairing, she wandered out alone, still pursuing her search. "Can no one help me?" she cried, "no one find a

voice that will *echo through the world*, Ashbel, come h-o-m-e!" Instantly the cry was taken up, the mournful words, the saddest in nature, were borne upon her ear, "Ashbel, come h-o-m-e!"

The Cock had caught her very trick of voice, and near and far, all down the slope of Time, waking the sick man from his troubled sleep, calling the laborer to work, at midnight, dawn, or noon, still sounds that fearful cry of despair, "Ashbel, come h-o-m-e!" And, still, in every clime will the mournful tones be heard, the minor key of nature, — the mother's wail for her lost child.

There was yet another answer to Eve's appeal. A shy, gray, hitherto silent bird, beloved of Ashbel, brushed the dew from Eve's white feet, and with an almost human tone cried plaintively and almost harshly, "Come back, come back, come back!"

Did he ever come back? Tradition is silent on this point. But listen, you can hear the voices *now*, beneath your very windows, "Ashbel, come h-o-m-e, — come back, come back, come back!"

NOTE. — In the Art Gallery of Munich, there is an exquisite painting of the "fairest of her daughters," taken at this supreme moment. Eve's eyes are raised in mute surprise and thankfulness. The abundant locks fall over the graceful figure, which, though veiled, is not eclipsed by the moonlit dimness of the night. But the prevailing idea of the painting seems to be to convey the sense of *hearing*, as though through the ear had been born unto her the blessed boon of *expectation realized*. Were it not for the household accessories, the Cock and the Guinea Hen, the picture might be called most fitly *Hope*. The pose of the figure is perfect, the picture well hung, and much admired.



BLOWING BUBBLES.

BLOWING BUBBLES.

Bubble, bubble,
Toil and trouble.

So we old folks sing, as the bubble breaks that we have half-worn ourselves to death to blow.

Not so joyful Sam. His eyes seem starting from his head; but, one bubble blown, at another he goes with equal pleasure. One is just ready to bob on baby's aged face, which is staring at another lighted on the cradle; and a third is doing its best to frighten the white kitten out of her wits.

As for Sally, it would be hard to decide whether her tip-toe foot, her curled-down sock, her twisted apron, her outstretched hand, her wildly flying hair, or her open mouth, is the most busy blowing bubbles; for, in fact, she is one big bubble, bubbling over with wonder at Sam's big bubbles, and with happy terror at the thought that her turn to blow will come soon.

LUCY'S FUR FRIENDS.

CHAPTER IV.

Cousin Anita.

MARCH came in like a lion. But the sun was higher, and that, with the wind, melted the last patch of snow. The hens began to lay. And Mount came twice a day to collect the eggs. The weasels chuckled when he said it was to save the eggs from the cats, for the weasels were growing as fat as porpoises sucking eggs every night.

One morning Mount smashed an egg, he was so startled by Lucy's calling out in an excited way, "Come, Mount! Cousin Anita is at the door."

I crept after him to see what the stranger was like. But she was no great sight. She was not a Bengal tiger, or a Polar bear, or

even a white elephant. She was only a short, small young girl, with a mild, freckled face. She looked gloomy enough to suit Lucy. I pitied her as a tear stole down her cheek after she had kissed the old woman, in a big bonnet, who had brought her from Methuen, and as she lingered for a last look at the shabby chaise and queer old horse with rusty coat and shaggy mane.

"She's nothing to be afraid of," whispered Mount to Lucy. "We shall have just the same fun."

But, as Lucy never had any fun, she looked as dull, and walked as slowly as usual into the house.

"Glad to see you, Niece Anita," said Dr. Clive, in his fat voice; "and here are the children, my boy and his sister."

"How are you?" asked the young girl, pleasantly, but looking as shy as Lucy.

"We're well," answered Mount, bluntly; "and that's all about it."

"All about what?" asked his cousin, for, Dr. Clive having been called away, she felt more at ease.

"Making manners, and all that bother. Trees don't make manners, excepting when the wind beats them about, and shakes them, and makes them bow."

"You're fond of trees."

"Yes. Grandpa and I think there's no fun like climbing trees."

Cousin Anita smiled. Lucy would have thought she was laughing at her instead of the doctor, but Mount was too sure of pleasing. He would have resented Miss Anita's coming, had he dreamed that it was as much for his sake as for Lucy's.

We talked it over in the barn. "I pity her," said Mrs. Whisker: "I am glad I am not in her shoes. You might as well try to restrain this March wind as to govern that boy. He is just as lawless."

But Miss Anita was wise beyond her years. She was the eldest child in her family, and had helped her mother in governing a more unruly boy than Mount. She soon brought Mount to care for reading, and that was the first step to lessons. Lucy took to them as a duck to water. She studied well the first morning, while Mount ran in and out as usual. Dr. Clive said, "Get as many school-books as you want, and any story books that don't prate about going to sea, or put into boys' heads wanting guns or fishing-rods."

One morning, lessons being over, Cousin Anita read a comical story about Holland. Mount, seated half out the window, half in, seemed absorbed in winding twine on a stick, for he considered himself the undergardener. But he stopped his whistling in his surprise at what one of the Dutch boys did, and made Lucy drop a stitch in her knitting, as he screamed, "What a goose!"

Mount looked very red when he remembered that he was not supposed to be listening. But Cousin Anita took no notice. When the story was finished, she said, "To-morrow, Lucy, after lessons, instead of reading, we'll give the meaning of words."

"How do you do it?" asked Lucy, smiling, which made her look as sweet as a rose smells.

"Ah, that would be telling."

It took time to wind a skein of twine, for Mount was hard at it again the next morning, though the gardener's spade could be heard in the garden.

"Let us take an easy word," said Miss Anita. "*Bat* will do. Now, Lucy, give the meaning of *bat*?"

"A creature, a frightful creature, that flies in the air."

"Down chimney," interrupted Mount.

"Not your turn" —

"But Lucy was so frightened when it came down, she screeched."

"With leather wings," said Lucy: "it is a bird."

"Not exactly," said her cousin. "I have heard it called the ghost of a bird. But it is really a small animal, with the body of a mouse and the wings of a bird. It has the most unpleasing face of any creature I have seen."

"I was sure it was a bird, a whole bird," said Mount.

"Well, now tell me whether there is no other meaning for *bat*?"

"Yes, cousin; and now it's my turn, Lucy. *Bat's* a big stick; *bat-and-ball*; *bat side* the head; and *Bat Kelly* in the village."

"Grandfather said you were not to go with *Bat Kelly*."

"I'm not going with him! I'm giving him for a meaning."

"Are there any more bats? Any double words beginning with *bat*?"

"*Batter* pudding. That's prime, with sauce. Yes, and *batter* down walls."

"It's my turn to say next," said Lucy.

"Well, say away."

"*Batting* which makes my cloak warm, and goes in my ear when it aches."

"There's *battles*," said Miss Anita.

"Yes; a free fight. And, Lucy, *battledoor*. Cousin Anita, how long can you keep up?"

"A hundred times."

"We keep up a hundred and fifty."

And away the children ran for the *battledoors*.

"I wish cats could play games," said I, when I got back to the barn. "It is dreadfully dull out here, no *battledoors* and no meanings."

"I should think we had battles enough," said Caprille (who was quite contrary that

day), "with Mr. Toby's Gip. For one, I'm tired of climbing trees to get out of his reach. And, Tab, you are no better than a catamount to want more *doors* than there are to this old barn."

"But it was so pleasant to hear the children giving the meaning of words to their cousin! Oh Caprille, how much there is to be known that we know nothing about in this barn, and how much two-legged people know! We have no meanings here."

"Well, we have *leanings* enough. Look at Mrs. Whisker's and Chinchilla's tails, as lean as Job's turkey. And there's always one big *meaning* for the barn, as well as the house, Dr. Clive. He would let us starve before he'd give us a potato paring."

"You don't understand my meaning."

"I don't want to. Know-nothings never have the blues, but whistle for want of thought. While you, — the more you learn behind the secret panel the bluer you grow."

Which was not true, for I never was so light-hearted as since I had found that retreat away from the barn.

UNDER THE SNOW.

DEAR little violet under the snow,
Whatever you dream there, I fain would know:
Do you hear the rustle of coming Spring?
Do you feel the sunshine shed from her wing?

Does the swallow's first note thrill you through and through?

Will you wake from the dream, and wish it were true?

Do you and the crocus whisper together
Of the day of the month and the pleasant weather?

Of the summer that was, of the summers to be?
Of the robin's long pause, and the gnat's mystery?
Oh, I long for the sunbeams to pierce and dissolve
All these drifts of snow your being above;

For the warm rains to woo you into the light,
For the south wind to sue you with all its might;
For then you will waken out from your trance,
And bring the forsaken remembrance.

Selected.

NELLY AND BOUNCE.

"AND at last we did get to the old church, and there we saw Mill Row, and it was a very funny place. There were poles outside the houses, and lines something like what Betsy Field has for her clothes; only, instead of clothes on them, there were fish all drying in the sun; and there were fish on old boxes and chairs everywhere, and on the windows and railings, — and very bad smells of fish, too; and lots of children that Nurse would have said were like scarecrows. And I had Bounce in my arms; and mamma said she was sorry she had brought me with her. And, when we got a little further, all the dirty little children began to whisper together, — 'That's Bounce;' and, directly he heard his name, he jumped out of my arms in a minute, and raced away, and never stopped once till he'd raced into a dirty cottage, and jumped upon a little old bed not much bigger than Sissy's doll's bed, and which hadn't any curtains or any thing. And, Ermelinda, I never thought of any thing but catching Bounce; and I ran after him as fast as I could into

the dirty house, and never stopped till I was close up to the bed,—and there was little Nell. Nobody told me, but I knew.

“Ermelinda, did you know there were rooms like that? Nothing but a little old table, and a wash-tub for a chair, and a cradle; and a poor, brown, ragged woman washing something, and that was Nelly’s mamma; and then my pretty mamma came in at the door.

“Oh, Ermelinda, Nelly had got Bounce in her little, thin, small arms, and was hugging him, and kissing him, and loving him; and I said, ‘You shall have him back, Nelly, I don’t want him,—indeed, I don’t,—and papa will give you some dinner, and then your father won’t mind.’ And when I spoke Nelly looked up at me.

“Ermelinda, I can’t tell you what I thought as I stood and looked at Bounce and Nelly. I hadn’t seen any one ill before except Sissy, when we all had the measles, and she was so long getting well; but she looked so pretty and white and comfortable, and poor Nelly was so little and brown, and had no sheets or blankets, only an old bit of a cover; and she had two great blue eyes that looked at me and wondered. Then I said, ‘Poor little Nell! poor little Nell! may I kiss you, little girl?’ And I clambered

up close to her, and poor little Nell let go of Bounce, and put her arms round my neck and kissed me.

“Oh, Ermelinda, isn’t it sad to think of Nelly, as old as I am, and never to have run about, and that perhaps she’ll grow as old as Arty, and perhaps even as old as Sarah and my mamma, and never run about at all? Oh, isn’t it sad?

“But Nelly and her mamma both said that we must take Bounce home; they mustn’t keep him, there were too many little mouths to fill. They very seldom had bread enough, Dolly (only dry bread), so they couldn’t have Bounce too; but Nelly cried, and said, ‘I am so glad that my dear Bounce isn’t drowned. Good-by, Bounce. Bring him once more to see me, little girl. Will you give me another kiss?’ And I did; and I think mamma gave Nelly’s mamma two half-crowns.

“And, as we walked home, mamma said, ‘You shall take Nelly a clean night-gown the next time, Trots. Poor little child, I wonder what we could think of to amuse her!’

“And then I whispered mamma a secret; but I shan’t tell you yet, Ermelinda. I wonder whether you’ll like it! Sissy says I couldn’t expect it of you, but I do. I know you will; you’ll feel as if you weren’t only a dolly, if you can go and make

that little sick child happier, — and I shall have Bounce.

“Yes, I will, Ermelinda; and mamma says I may. So good-by, my dear, for two more days, and then I shall see you again, and you shall know what it is.”

“Your loving little mistress,

“TROTTS.”

“Trots’ Letters to her Doll.”

COSEY CORNER.

I WISH you had been with me, my dears, the other night, when I was looking in the fire, for I saw something I never saw before, and, perhaps, you would have seen the same. Instead of castles, or towers, or heads of animals or men, I saw two golden capital letters, as it were, cut on a small, dark slab. And these letters, if Mr. Wilson can only put them as I want him to, were these:—

J

K

And what may these stand for, thought I? Perhaps for *Joy-killer*. Why, then, I must ask myself if I am that unpleasant person. And so must you. It is certain that nobody cares to go near a joy-killer, much less live in the house with him. Come to think of it, there are so many joy-killers in the world that it is a wonder we are not all living in separate houses, which would not be much better than solitary confinement, or dwelling in cages, like wild beasts.

Perhaps, as I am the one grown person in this group, it will be most useful to ask how little folks are joy-killers. And one way is by wanting their own way. It is sometimes very hard to see that, from the mere

fact of having lived longer, their parents and teachers are wiser to know what is best to be done. You must remember that they have gone through what you are going through; *they* were told to do this or that, and in doing it learned it was right to do.

So, not to be a joy-killer, you must give up wanting your own way.

Another way of being a joy-killer is being fretful and peevish, what is called *out-of-sorts*. That is the pleasant home, those are the pleasant children, who are not for ever making mountains out of mole-hills; who say to themselves, this is a hard lesson, or a difficult sum, or a long piece of music, but where “there’s a will there’s a way,” and I’m not going to spoil the day by worrying over it: instead, I’m going right at it, and, then, it will not seem half so hard, and I shall get the better of it, I am sure.

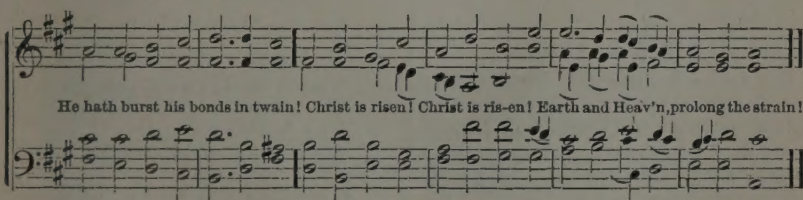
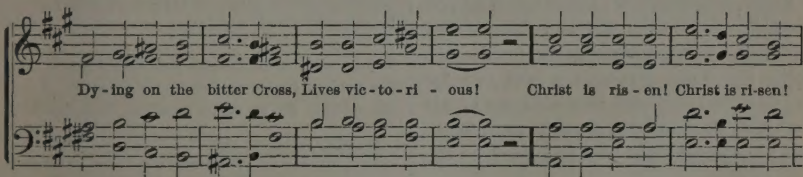
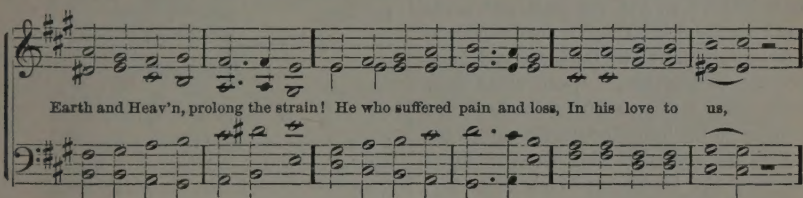
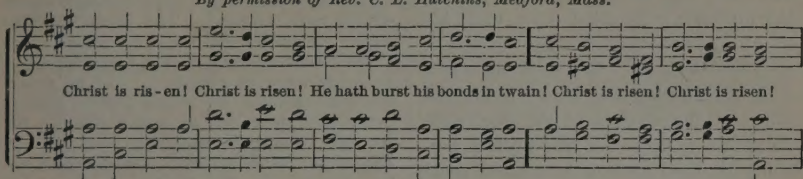
In amusement, too, try not to be a joy-killer, but a joy-sharer. Ah! what a different world this would be, if, instead of always looking forward to our joy in heaven, we began to make that joy here. It is in the power of us all to make joy for others.

It was in a horse-car, I think, that I saw a very pretty sight. A baby was fretful (babies, you know, don’t know any better), and its little sister, almost a baby herself, cooed and smiled and made pretty faces.

Now, if you will watch, you will see that life is made up of doing little things, not often big ones; and those who smile and speak kindly, and forget themselves, are never joy-killers, but always joy-makers, joy-sharers.

A LITTLE girl called a parable “an earthly story with a heavenly meaning.”

EASTER CAROL

By permission of Rev. C. L. Hutchins, Medford, Mass.

Lo, the chains of death are broken!
 Earth below, and heaven above!
 Joy anew in every token
 Of thy triumph, Lord of love!
 He o'er earth and heaven shall reign,
 At his Father's side,
 Till he cometh once again,
 Bridegroom to his Bride,
 Christ is risen! &c.

Angel legions downward thronging,
 Hail the Lord of earth and skies!
 Ye who watched with holy longing
 Till your sun again should rise:
 He is risen! Earth, rejoice!
 Sing, ye starry train!
 All things living, find a voice!
 Jesus lives again.
 Christ is risen! &c.

TWO FRIENDS.

It seems that in London, some months ago, a poor dog, having been pelted with sticks and stones by cruel boys, until his flesh was bruised and his leg fractured, limped into a stable. In one of the stalls was an intelligent young horse: he seemed touched at the distress of the dog, and, looking down, inspected the broken leg. Then, with his fore-feet, he pushed some straw into a corner of the stall, and made a bed for the dog. The dog lay down there and slept all night, and the horse took good care not to hurt him. When some bran mash, which formed a part of his food, was brought to the horse, he gently caught the dog by the neck, and with his teeth lifted him into the trough, as much as to say, "There, help yourself: eat as much as you want!" For weeks the two friends fed together, and the invalid grew strong. At night, the horse arranged a soft bed for the dog, and encircled him with one of his fore-feet, showing the utmost carefulness. Such kindness might well be copied by the human race.

TO OUR READERS.

DID Jack eat the frogs? The lady who lost the baby frogs from her aquarium writes, "About the frogs! they have never been heard from, and where they went to I am afraid will always be a mystery. W. says he has not given up the hope that he shall see them in the spring. I must confess I fear that Jack did eat them, although every one says that he could not have done so; he is terribly afraid of toads and grasshoppers, and always jumps away from them; and, then again, he is the most particular dog about his food. He will go hungry rather than eat game of any kind."

So much interest was excited by the Fifty Questions for the Literary, copied into the February "Dayspring" from the "Evening Gazette," that several extra copies were ordered. The contributor to whom we are indebted for "Easter Sepulchres" sent answers to the Questions, not knowing we were supplied. While guessing correctly No. 38, which baffled almost every one, she failed to guess Nos. 11, 19, 29, 33. She gave Coquerel for Young, Shenstone for Chatterton, Curran for Curtis, Brougham for Cooke, Addison for Emerson.

Puzzles.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A GREAT man once lived in my *first* as his home;
My *next* was Horatius, defending old Rome;
In my *third*, biting hunger has oft found relief;
My *sweet fourth* I love far beyond all belief;
In my *fifth* lived a painter, renown'd the world
over;

Use my *sixth*, if this puzzle you wish to discover.
My *finals*, a city of wealth and renown;
My *primals*, the pet name by which she is known.

MONTREAL, Feb., 1876.

W. N. E.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

Enigma. — Fig—ures (Sure).

BEHEADED PUZZLE.

When on the sea, I met a *pirate*,
The sight made me exceeding *irate*.
I quickly then began to *rate*,
And asked him what it was he *ate*.

THE DAYSPRING,

(Elizabeth P. Channing Editor),

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